Haſt thou no Letters to me from the *Frier*?
Man. No my good Lord.
Exit.

Ro. No matter, get thee gone,
And hyre thoſe Horſes, Ile be with thee ſtraight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lye with thee to night:
Lets ſee for meanes, O miſchiefe thou art ſwift,
To enter in the thoughts of deſperate men:
I doe remember an Appothecarie,
And here abouts a dwels, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with ouer-whelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miſerie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needy ſhop a Tortoys hung,
An Allegater ſtuft, and other skinnes
Of ill ſhap't fiſhes, and about his ſhelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders and muſtie ſeeds,
Remnants of packthred, and old Cakes of Roſes
Were thinly ſcattered, to make vp a ſhew.
Noting this penury, to my ſelfe I ſaid,
An if a man did need a poyſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would ſell it him.
O this ſame thought did but fore-run my need,
And this ſame needie man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe,
Being holy day, the Beggers ſhop is ſhut.
What ho Apothecarie:
Appo. Who cals ſo lowd?
Rom. Come hither man, I ſee that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie Duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyſon, ſuch ſoone ſpeeding geare,
As will diſperſe it ſelfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Truncke may be diſcharg'd of breath,
As violently, as haſtie powder fierd

Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.
Poti. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantuas* law
Is death to any he that vtters them.
Ro. Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchedneſſe,
And feareſt to die, famine is in thy cheekes,
Neede and oppreſſion ſtarueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggere hangs vpon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law,
The world affords no law to make thee rich:
Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.
Po. My pouerty, but not my will conſents.
Ro. I pay thy pouerty and not thy will.
Po. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drinke it off, and if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.
Ro. There is thy Gold, worſe poyſon to mens ſoules
Doing more murthers in this loathſome world,
Then theſe poore compounds that thou mai'ſt not ſell
I ſell thee poyſon, thou haſt ſold me none,
Farewell, buy foode, and get thy ſelfe in fleſh.
Come Cordiall and not poyſon, goe with me
To *Iuliets* graue, for there muſt I vſe thee.
Exeunt

Enter Frier Iohn *to Frier* Lawrence.
Ioh. Holy *Franciſcan* Frier, brother, ho.
Enter Lawrence.
Law. This ſame ſhould be the voice of *Frier* Iohn,
Welcome from *Mantua*: what ſayes *Romeo*?
Or if his mind be writ, giue me his Letter.
Ioh. Going to find a barefoote brother out,
One of our order to aſſociate me,
Here in this Citie viſiting the ſicke,
And finding him, the Searchers of the towne,
Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe,
Where the infectious peſtilence did raigne,
Seald vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that may ſpeede to *Mantua* there was ſtaide.